

POETRY.

As there were several errors in the following verses in our last, in justice to CONRAD we have republished them.

(WRITTEN FOR THE BANNER.)

LINES

Suggested by the melancholy, but glorious fate of the late lamented Col. Clay.

Mark well yon proud heroic form, in majesty it towers,
With eagle front and dauntless mien, where battle darkest lowers,
The Mexican, beneath his glance, quails and with shrouded eye,
Reckless of honor, home or fame, turns with a frown to fly.

Lo! now where Azire's shaft has thinn'd our chivalry, he lies,
And follow'd by his chosen band, above the piercing cries
Of wounded men, is heard their loud huzza—it rends the air—
Clay—Clay and victory or death, to hearts that know not fear!

Yes, 'tis Kentucky's champion! how fearlessly he leads
Where waving plumes are laid in dust, that gallant spirit heeds
NOT DEATH'S ALARMS, when struggling to redeem from Tyrant's chain
The oppress'd—and in that sacred cause he bleeds not all in vain.

Look! he has gain'd a fearful point—the day is almost won—
Yet shield—OH! SAVE HIM HEAVEN! 'tis too late the deed is done!
He sinks with gaze unconquer'd still, and wildly gathering near
His faithful few are kneeling round, in mute convulsed despair.

But hark! upon his closing ear, the note of victory falls—
It staves his parting soul, and for a moment hope recalls—
That dying hand has rais'd the sword—his lip essays a shout—
But with the thrilling effort life's last lingering ray goes out.

Hash'd into solemn silence, with unspoken tearless grief,
They carry forth 'mid music's wail their now lamented chief,
And laying him within his martial resting place, they fire
Each one his FAREWELL SHOT, and all in wordless woe retire.

The bugle may not wake him now! Columbia's chieftain sleeps!
Yet hear a nation's voice, which says, as plaintively it sweeps—
STILL lives our sainted Clay! his name can never, never die,
'Tis written with the burning star of Fame in glory's sky!

Erskine College.

CONRAD.

COME O'er THE SEA.

Brightly the moon, love,
Gleams o'er the sea!
O'er the Lagoon, love,
Come, come with me:
Far from the world o'er the waters we'll roam;
Seeking delight in some green island home.

Fear not the storm, love,
Heed not the waves;
Hope's star shall light us—
'Tempt us to brave.
While in each other's fond looks we repose,
Love, tranquil seas, and soft winds, shall disclose.

Life's but a breath, love,
Fortunes may change;
Ne'er can our hearts, love,
Their truth estrange.
Closer we'll cling from dark sorrows and fear,
Nestling like birds when the tempest is near.

Wake, from thy slumbers,
- Wake love, wake!
Haste o'er the waters
Ere morning break!
Night and the moonbeams invite us to flee,
O'er the glad waters, O, fly, love with me.



AGRICULTURAL.

TO CURE HAMS.—Cover the bottom of the cask with coarse salt, lay on the hams with the smooth or skin side down, sprinkle over fine salt, then another layer of hams, and so continue until the cask is full. This ought to be of the large kind. A cask holding 64 gallons is small enough, and it would be better if it held 120 gallons. Make a brine in the following proportions: 6 gallons water, 9 pounds coarse salt, 4 lbs brown sugar, 3 ounces saltpeter, 1 ounce sal-eratus. Scald and skim, and when cold pour the brine into the cask until the hams are completely covered. The hams should remain in the pickle three months, and a little longer time would do them no harm.

CURE FOR BOTTS.—Give the horse 1 ounce of slaked lime three times a week, mixed with his food, for two or three weeks.

TO DYE WOOD RED.—Take chopped Brazil wood, and boil it well in water, strain it through a cloth. Then give your wood two or three coats, till it is the shade wanted. If wanted a deep red, boil the wood in water impregnated with alum and quicklime. When the last coat is dry, burnish it with the burnisher, and then varnish.

TO RESTORE WINE THAT HAS TURNED SOUR OR SHARP.—Fill a bag with leek-seed or of leaves or twisters of vine, and put either of them to infuse in the cask.

TO WHITEN BONES.—Put a handful of bran and quick-lime together, in a new pipkin, with a sufficient quantity of water, and boil it. In this put the bones, and boil them also till perfectly freed from greasy particles.

Description of a Battle

A free man takes his musket on his shoulder, and fixes it on his murderous bayonet; he leaves his habitation, the ploughman quits his plough, the handicraftsman his work-shop, the young man deserts the hymenial altar, a beloved son abandons an infirm father and an afflicted family; they go to swell the crowd of combatants, whose hearts are gradually opened to licentiousness, ferocity, and violence.

Here are a hundred thousand opposed to as of the opposite party; they draw near each other in a vast plain which will soon be covered with blood. What a prodigious number of men compacted against each other, spreading their moving phalanx, and raged in combined order to put each other to death!

Blind instruments silently awaiting the signal; fierce through duty, they are ready to destroy their fellow-creatures without resentment or anger. The majestic sun rises, whose setting so many unhappy wretches will never behold. The earth is covered with verdure: mild Spring with her azure vale embraces the air; nature smiles as a tender mother; the glorious sun diffuses his beneficent rays, which gild and mature the gifts of the Creator: all is calm; all is harmony in the universe.

Wretched mortals alone, agitated with gloomy phrensies, carry rage in their bosoms; they meet to slaughter each other on the verdant field. The armies approach: the promised harvest is trodden under foot—death flies. What a horrible tumult! All nature groans in an instant with the fury of man.

Hear the thundering noise of those horrible instruments of human revenge! Emulous of, and more terrible than the thunder, with their roar they drown the plaintive groans of the dying; they repel soft pity, wishing to make a passage into the heart; a cloud of smoke from gunpowder arises towards the heavens, as if to hide a collection of such horrors.

Alas! who would have expected such a slaughter? Tigers, bears, impelled with voracious hunger, are not inspired with such atrocious cruelty. Behold these rivals of blood! Here twenty thousand men are sacrificed to the caprice of one; behold them fall one upon another, nameless, unthought of, unregretted, into oblivion!

Thus perish these unhappy mortals. The skies resound with their lamentations; trampled on by horses, by their countrymen whom they vainly implore they expire a thousand different ways in horrible agonies. Others, yet more to be pitied, preserving a remnant of life and consumed by thirst, the most intolerable of torments, cannot yet die; while others, forgetting death, surrounded them, fall furiously on their mutilated comrades, and, without compassion or pity to their wounds, unmercifully strip their mangled, trembling limbs.

Oh, Creator of the world! is this man? this the august creature endowed with a feeling heart, and with that noble countenance that smiles erect towards heaven, who has such conceptions who cherishes the soft emotion of pity and generous transports of benevolence, who can admire virtue and greatness, and can weep with sensibility.

Is it his hand that can erect the standard of victory on heaps of carcases, with an odious joy? Where is the victory? I see nothing but tears and blood. Where is the triumph? Plunder does not enrich; the tears of mankind will never make an individual happy; for what ambition sweeps in its unbridled career fleets from the usurper's hand.

EXERCISE.—That highly interesting portion of the human family, the young ladies, is exhorted by Dow, jr., in one his recent homilies:—

"Young ladies—you caged birds of beautiful plumage; but sickly looks; you pale pets of the parlor, vegetating in an unhealthy shade, with a greenish white complexion, like that of a potato sprout in a dark cellar—why don't you go out in the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eye, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps and vigor to your frames? Take early morning exercise—let loose your corset strings, and run up hill for a wager, and down again for fun. Roam the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and go home with an appetite for breakfast like a horse. Liberty thus exercised and enjoyed, will render you healthy, hearty, blooming and beautiful—as lovely as the Graces, and as prolific as Devarra. The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-checked, full-breasted, bouncing lass—who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, milk the cows, wrestle with the boys, and never fall under, and be a lady without in 'company,' is just the sort of a girl for me, and any worthy young man to marry: but you, ye pining, moping, lolling, screwed up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, puny, consumptive mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of Fashion and Idleness—you are no more fit for matrimony than a pig is to look after a family of fourteen chickens."

"The truth is, my dear girls, you want generally speaking, more liberty, and less fashionable restraint—more kitchen and less parlor—more leg-exercise and less sofa—more pudding and less piano—more frankness and less mock-modesty—more corned beef and less corsets—more breakfast and less bishop. Loosen yourselves a little; enjoy more liberty, and less restraint by fashion; breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom and become something as nearly as lovely and beautiful as the God of nature designed."

KEATS.—This poet, who died so young, was a writer of the richest promise. Riper years and a maturer judgment would have effected much with a fancy so exuberant, and a mind so thoroughly filled with a love of the beautiful. Since the "Masque" of Ben Johnson, and the "Faithful Shepherdess," of Beaumont and Fletcher, nothing has appeared equal in "wondrous luxuriance" to his "Endymion." Here at will the poet revels amidst verdant lawns, silent shades, embowering groves, far-stretching forest and flowery slopes, over which satyrs and fawns, and troops of Sylvan deities, are seen tripling, till they disappear among brown woods, or beyond shadowy mountains. His muse seems overlaid, or rather smothered under a load of "rich-coming" fancies. Rose foliage, musk-blooms and arabesque drapery of overhanging and intertwining boughs, through which the sunshine showers its tremulous drops of silvery light, are staple of her song. She feeds on ambrosia, and quenches her thirst at the head of old and fabulous wells, which the nymphs inhabit, and whose cool and transparent waters they curl and dimple with their silent and gentle breathings. This wreath of fancy is poured out in such profusion as to defy arrangement. The senses of the reader are bewildered; he strives in vain to thread his way out of the interminable maze. His efforts are useless, and in a kind of hopeless languishment he gives himself up to the guidance of the poet, till being led to

"Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves,
And moonlight."

he falls asleep, and dreams, till life's sorrows break his slumbers, and call him again to battle with the world's cold realities.

British Quarterly Review.

SCIENCE.—According to a communication to the New York Tribune, consisting of facts translated from a recent French scientific journal, the present generation of mortals is advancing towards the perfection of wisdom with a degree of celerity truly wonderful to contemplate. The German professor who claims the invention of gun cotton, has succeeded in the fabrication of malleable glass, the material of which is "paste paper" rendered perfectly transparent and water proof by a hidden process and capable of being used with great advantage for window panes, bottles, vases, &c. Another philosopher is constructing a machine for measuring and weighing the properties of the atmosphere, indicating the course and strength of currents of air, magnetic variations, &c. A Parisian savan has managed to obtain electric sparks a foot long from a newly contrived apparatus, supplied with plates of Bohemian glass, in the manufacture of which potash is used instead of salt soda. A scientific gentleman of Brussels has cured numerous smoky ale houses in that city, by placing therein a glass fixture which at once affords a brilliant light and perfect ventilation. But the greatest wonder of the age, is the director of the school of Technology at Zurich—professor Deschvauden. He has made immense discoveries in various branches of science. But as yet, owing to the illiberal policy of European governments in the matter of granting and securing patents, the world must endure the uneasiness of curiosity as to the precise nature or merits of these extraordinary secrets. It must continue to repose with patience upon the assurances of those eulogists of a genius so immeasurable, who declare that the professor is "the greatest man in the world!" the representative of Divinity!—the creator, under God of all which God has created.

"NOT DEAD: BUT SLEEPING."—A foreign journal mentions a remarkable case of a female supposed to be dead, and who came near being buried alive, but was saved from premature interment most miraculously. The girl had sickened and died, (as her friends thought,) she was laid out as usual, and remained to all appearance as a corpse for three days, when the time arrived which was appointed for her burial. When the undertakers came to screw down the lid of the coffin, a slight perspiration was noticed upon her skin, which being immediately regarded, an examination was made, life was soon found to be in the body, and she was restored to health. The most interesting part of the circumstance is the account that the girl gave of her own experience during her inanimate state. She said she appeared to dream that she was dead, but was sensible to everything that was passing around her, and could distinctly hear her friends bewail her death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud and place her in the coffin. The sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak. She was unable to act on her body, contradictory, as if she were in and out of her body at the same time. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, to speak. The agony was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found they were about to nail down the coffin. A new impulse to her mind, a divine power over its corporal organs, resumed produced the effects which excited the pity of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave.

TRUTH.—There is no such thing as non-education. Every human being is educated; but it is to say, every human being derives principle of conduct and habits of action from the authority, the conversation and the example of those by whom he is surrounded. The thief is educated, the

poacher is educated, and the pick-pocket is most sedulously educated. There is no school in the world where more heed is given to the progress of the pupils than that in which a Fagin acts as a master, and an Artful Dodger as head assistant! Obscenity and Blasphemy have their professors, whose lectures are very effective in training efficient pupils. Vice opens schools as well as Virtue: Crime has rewards for the zealous, and punishments for the refractory, quite as efficacious as those at the disposal of Rectitude. Let this great truth be once thoroughly apprehended.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—The Watchman and Observer he says:—"We learn that seven thousand dollars and a lot have been subscribed for the new church about to be established in Charleston, South Carolina, for the Rev. Mr. Porter; and that one thousand five hundred dollars have also been subscribed towards the establishment of an African Church, to be under the care of the Rev. J. B. Adger. These enterprises will depend mainly upon the 2d Presbyterian Church of that city. The same church gave, a week or two since, \$320 for the colporteur effort. These are among the fruits of the revival which they have recently enjoyed."

SENTENCE OF LIEUT. HUNTER.—It is generally known, that, on the arrival of Com. Perry before Alvarado, finding the place already captured by Lieutenant C. H. Hunter, whom he had ordered only to blockade, the Commodore ordered that officer into arrest, for trial by Court Martial. We learn, from an authentic source, that the trial has been had, that Lieut. Hunter has been found guilty (of disobeying orders, as we presume,) and sentenced to be reprimanded and dismissed from the squadron. The reprimand to be read on the quarter deck of every ship in the squadron.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

Two immense sums of money have been devised in England to persons in this country. The first is the famous Townley estate, in the division of which it is believed that the family of the Lawrences in New York will ultimately obtain over \$25,000,000. The other is a windfall, amounting to \$20,000,000, which is said to be inherited by a gentleman in New Castle, Maine, of the name of Jennings.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.—I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees, I observe that God hath chosen the vine—a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading plane, but a bush—an humble, slender, abject bush. As if he would, by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procureth love like humility; nothing hate but pride.

Feltham's Resolves.

BOISTEROUS PREACHING.—A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adapted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren, observing it, inquired of him what had happened to him to make the change?—He answered—"When I was young I thought it was thunder that killed the people, but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the lightning—so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future."

BEATIFUL COMPARISON.—In an Imaginary conversation between Petrarch and Boccaccio, from the pen of Walter Savage Landor, there is the following passage:—"The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of the fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity to life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows."

Lord Chesterfield when Minister to George II. once recommended the appointment to some office of an individual not acceptable to the monarch. "I would rather nominate the devil," said he. "As your majesty pleases," replied the courteous minister, "but your majesty will remember that you must address him as your right trusty and well beloved cousin."

One of the papers which took notes, states that there were 202 suicides committed in the United States last year. Of this number 38 were by cutting the throat; 51 hanging; 29 shooting; 25 drowning; 22 poisoning; 10 jumping from a height; 6 stabbing; 6 under rail-road cars. Of this number, 49 were insane, 15 drunk, and 18 filled with remorse and despair.

The cost to the English government of putting the silver edging to pieces of muslin, which is always torn off and thrown away before the fabric can be converted to use, is £20,000 a year!

The Governor of Arkansas said recently in his message to the Legislature, that "only through the share that fell to that State, had been able to defray the expenses of the State Government."

The King of Ashantee is allowed by law 3333 wives—a privilege of which every sable monarch of that kingdom is said to avail himself.

Dr. Murphy, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, died on the 1st inst. He owned a library of 200,000 volumes.

The State of South Carolina.

ABBEVILLE DISTRICT.

Jesse Reagin, vs. Catherine Reagin and others.—*Partition in Ordinary.*

It appearing that Nicholas Reagin, one of the Defendants in this case, resides without the limits of this State: It is ordered that he do appear and object to the sale or division of the Real Estate of Young Reagin dec'd, on or before the 20th day of May 1847, or his consent to the same will be entered of record. DAVID LESLY, Ordinary.
Feb. 20th, 1847. 1 3m

The State of South Carolina.

ABBEVILLE DISTRICT.

Notice

To the Creditors and Heirs of Richmond Harris, deceased.

All persons having demands against the Estate will present them to D. Lesly, Administrator of said Estate as Derelict, on or before the 20th May 1847, at which time said Estate will be appportioned, and closed: And as the personal Estate is insufficient to pay the debts—and the following heirs and legatees reside without the limits of this State, viz: Frances E Harris, Agnes S Hunter, Uriah R. Harris, Louisa I. Heard, and A J Harris—and the creditors have petitioned for the proceeds of real Estate, to pay debts. It is therefore ordered, that the said absentees do appear and show cause, why the proceeds of the real Estate of said Richmond Harris deceased, should not be so applied, on or before the 20th of May 1847, otherwise, their consent as confessed, will be entered of record
Feb. 20, 1847. 1 3m D. LESLY, Ord'y.

The State of South Carolina.

ABBEVILLE DISTRICT.

In Equity.

Thomas M. Finley, and Reuben J. Finley, Nancy A. Finley by next friend, T. M. Finley, v. Alexander Hunter, Nancy Finley, Granville H. Finley and others. —*Bill for Account, Partition, Delivery of Slaves and Relief.*

It appearing to my satisfaction, that Nancy Finley, Granville H. Finley, Isaac N. Finley, Robt. Oakley and Rhoda his wife, Abi Deck and Polly Ann his wife, and Jane K. Finley, Defendants in this case, reside without the limits of this State: Ordered that the above named Defendants do appear and plead, answer or demur, to the said Bill within three months from the publication of this order, or Judgment pro confesso, will be rendered against them.
H. A. JONES, C. E. A. D.
Commissioner's Office, March 6th, 1847.
March 10. 2 3m

The State of South Carolina.

ABBEVILLE DISTRICT.

In the Court of Ordinary.

Sarah J. A. Wheaton, vs. Thomas Simmons and others.—*Application of Creditors, for proceeds of Real Estate, to be paid to Administrator for payment of debts, on insufficiency of personal Estate.* It appearing to my satisfaction, that Thomas Simmons, Frances Simmons and Anna Simmons a minor, parties Defendants, reside without the limits of this State: It is therefore ordered that they do appear and show cause within the time, viz, 20th May, 1847, why the proceeds of the Real Estate of Amelia Simmons dec'd, sold in Ordinary for Partition, should not be applied to the payment of debts by the Administrator on deficit of personal Estate—their consent as confessed, will be entered of record.
Feb. 20. 1 3m D. LESLY, Ord'y.

The State of South Carolina.

ABBEVILLE DISTRICT.

J. W. H. Johnson and wife, vs. T. R. Puckett.—*Partition in Ordinary.*

It appearing to my satisfaction, by affidavit, that W. W. Puckett, R. L. Puckett, and Thomas Abercrombie, and children of Mary Abercrombie dec'd, Parties Defendants in this case, reside beyond the limits of this State: It is therefore ordered that they do appear and object to the division or sale of the Real Estate of Frances Long dec'd, on or before the division, the 20th day of May 1847, or their consent to the same will be entered of record.
Feb. 20, 1847. 1 3m D. LESLY, Ord'y.

The State of South Carolina.

ABBEVILLE DISTRICT.

In the Court of Ordinary.

Smallwood Wits, vs. Franklin Wits and others.—*Partition in Ordinary.* It appearing to my satisfaction that, Lucinda Weatherford, Susan McClure, Wm Wits, Thomas Wits, Williamson Wits, and William Jones and Mary his wife, parties Defendants reside without the limits of the State. It is therefore ordered, that they do appear and object to the division or sale of the real Estate of Stephen Wits dec'd, on or before the 20th of May 1847, or their consent to the same will be entered of record.
Feb 3 1 3m D. LESLY, Ord'y.

The State of South Carolina.

ABBEVILLE DISTRICT.

In the Court of Common Pleas.

Benjamin F. Spikes, who has been arrested, and is now confined within the bounds of the jail of Abbeville District, by virtue of a writ of capias ad satisfaciendum, at the suit of Wade S. Cothran and James Sproul, having filed his petition, with a schedule, on oath, of his whole estate and effects, for the purpose of obtaining the benefit of the Acts of the General Assembly commonly called "the Insolvent Debtors Act:—Public Notice is hereby given that the petition of the said Benjamin F. Spikes will be heard and considered in the Court of Common Pleas to be holden for Abbeville District, at Abbeville Court House, on the third Monday of October next, or on such other day thereafter as the said Court may order; and all the creditors of the said Benjamin F. Spikes are hereby summoned personally or by attorney to be and appear then and there, in the said Court, to show cause, if any they can, why the benefit of the Acts aforesaid should not be granted to the said Benjamin F. Spikes, upon his taking the oath, and executing the assignment required by the Acts aforesaid.
J. F. LIVINGSTON, Clerk.
Clerk's Office, Dec 30, 1846 44 18m O

Job Printing,

Executed in its various branches at this Office, with neatness and despatch.